

Well, I arrived at the place and there I found—
—bear with me patiently—first the hired girl,
frightened half out of her senses; and hiding
under a fence. I asked her for my boy. She
stood aghast at the enquiry. Her only reply
was, "The child is dead." I searched for
something. At last, with great difficulty,
recollected herself enough to say, that she seen
the fire soon enough to escape with my boy—
that being dreadfully fatigued, though she had
not run far, she sat down to rest herself, looked
toward the path by which were expected—that
some how or other she fell asleep—and the last
thing that I remembered was something Jerry had said
about flying back to his mother. I was so
heart had died away within me. I knew that
I was childless—I knew it—don't talk to me—I
knew it. And it was so. When I arrived at
my house, I found it nearly destroyed by fire—
and a little way off lay my poor boy, with Car-
lo watching over him. The child was dead—
that is Carlo you see there. My wife is in the
mad-house, at Philadelphia—and here am I.
God forgive me."